

THE WAR CR. The General.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

23rd Year. No. 24.

WILLIAM BOOTH
General

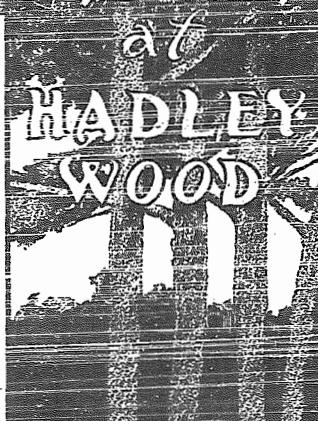
TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1907.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commander.

Price, 5 Cents.

(ed from page 7.)
with the idea that is
of her inhabitants
and hear
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mes-

The GENERAL



The General ready for a walk.

THE GENERAL DICTATING CORRESPONDENCE

The General amongst his Bees.

These charming photographs represent the General at his home at Hadley Wood.

THE BEST STORIES

FROM THIS WEEK'S WAR CRY

AN EMIGRANT'S HEROISM.

An Unknown Salvationist.

One of the best illustrations of Self-Denial that has ever come under our notice occurred when I was travelling from Liverpool to Australia, at the close of 1899.

All went well till we reached Cape Town, where every berth was taken by men and women who were anxious to go to Australia so as to get away from the war.

After we had been on the voyage from Table Bay three days, a man was taken ill, and the doctor pronounced him to be suffering from small-pox.

This almost caused a panic amongst the passengers and crew. The women took their children to the fore-part of the ship to get as far away from the hospital as possible, and there was no more gambling on deck amongst the men.

After the man had been in hospital two days the captain and doctor called the passengers together, and asked for a volunteer to nurse the patient.

No one came forward.

The next day, however, a young man who was working his way to the colonies, went to see the doctor, and said,

"Sir, I have come to offer my services to nurse the man who is ill." The doctor asked the reason he volunteered.

"Well," said the young man, "I am a soldier of the Salvation Army, and one of our principles is to live for others as the Lord Jesus lived for us."

The doctor told him he, and not the ship's company, would have to accept sole responsibility for the consequences.

After he was vaccinated the young man went off to the hospital to nurse the man.

He was shut away from the rest of the passengers, and in ten days there were ten other patients who were suffering with small-pox. The young Salvationist nursed them all until he was ill himself.

"I was one of the patients I can testify to the fact that it was the self-denial of this brave young Salvationist that caused me to give my life to God."

When I left the quarantine station at Adelaide the heroic volunteer nurse

was very ill; in fact, the disease took a greater hold upon him than any of the others.

I may say that the passengers were so deeply moved by his self-sacrifice that they made a collection, which amounted to £12.

Whether he got well or not I don't know, but I know several of the passengers were converted through his action.—F. Carr, in *British Cry*.

MISSING HEIRESS.

Investigation Department of the Track.

Few self-imposed tasks are more pathetic and thrilling than a mother's search for a lost child, especially when the hiding place of the child sought may be anywhere between England and Australia.

Such a search has been instituted by an Australian lady, whose little girl, aged nine, has been three days absent from her care and whose whereabouts is now unknown.

Among the searchers who are following up every discovered clue are the officers of our Investigation Department.

Two years ago the parents of the little girl in question came to London from Australia, bringing the child with them. A separation between the couple was followed by a long legal contest to obtain possession of the girl. While the mother was securing a verdict in her favor from the English Courts, the father had gone to Australia, taking the child with him.

The mother followed, and after finding them, she left with the child from Melbourne and came to London. The father was soon in England also, searching energetically for the little girl, who at the age of twenty-one will inherit a considerable fortune.

He found the mother in the city, but, like a lady, hiring a hansom, evaded him once more.

Meanwhile the child had been placed in a private school on the South Coast. After being there about a week, a man, believed to be the father, picked up the child at the door of the school, lifted her into a carriage, and drove off. This happened on Jan. 23rd.

moment we know we shall find God up to time to meet us.

Think of the strength of the life of prayer. "Prayer is the silken thread by which God has placed in our hands by which we draw down from heaven the strong cords of Almighty power and strength." Christmas Evans said:

"Prayer is the rope up in the belfry. We pull it and it rings the bell up in heaven." So we have found. Heaven has been all movement when we pray.

Think of the charm of the prayerful life. We are conscious of the charm of those who pray without ceasing, the calmness of message, the glint of eye, the thrill of voice, the mystic fascination. Prayer has been likened to "wireless telegraphy." So it is.

"For the whole round world in every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

We are not restless to give ourselves to prayer, to perform the act, to cultivate the habit, to live the life. But we rest.

The Strong Light.

The habit will help to prayer. The place where we constantly kneel will become "the gate of heaven." The

and since then the mother has lost all trace of the child.—*Social Gazette*.

SLUM CHILD'S UNSELFISH-NESS.

NESS.

A Farthing Breakfast.

At a London Slum corps a little girl named Katie used to come every morning to the Farthing Breakfast. She would drink up her porridge, then ask for some more, and hurry away with the roll in her hand untouched.

One morning the cook noticed that the child ate her roll.

She said she had done so then the child began to sob bitterly.

When asked what was the matter, she replied, "Oh, Captain, I have eaten all my roll. I really could not help it. I was so hungry. But I have nothing to take to bed now."

Some days later the officer ascertained where the child lived, and visited the home. It was as she expected—a respectable couple in desperate poverty. Although it was the middle of winter, there was no fire in the grate, while on the bed lay the father, weak and ill.

Needless to say, the Captain lost no time in supplying the needs of the family, and, having ascertained that the mother was an expert needlewoman, she recommended her to several ladies, with the result that she soon had as much work as she could do.

During the Week of Prayer the Slum Officer asked Katie what she was going to do for Self-Denial.

"Oh," she replied, "mither and daddy and me have planned to give five shillings each."

The Officer thought the child could not be thinking what she was saying, but when she visited her home a few days later, she found that the girl had been to the drapers, dress-makers, and neighbours begging for scraps of silk and other cuttings.

With these the father made a rug that sold for 6s. 6d., while the mother and Katie made dolls' clothes which they sold themselves, thus realizing another 10s. 6d.

"We done it for God," said Katie, when she handed the Captain the money. "He's been so good to us."—British War Cry.

The Light that is Left.

A tender child of summers three, Seeking her little bed at night, Paused on the dark stair timidly, "O mother, take my sleep," said she, "And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way From dark behind to dark before; And only when our hands we lay, Dear Lord, in Thine, the light is day, And there is darkness no more.

Reach downward to the sunless days, Where our guides are blind as we, And faith is small and hope delay; Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise, And let us feel the light of Thee!

—J. G. Whittier.

Heaven on Earth.

The life of prayer is heaven on earth. The devout life is one long act of prayer, one unending habit. Prayer ceases to be an act and a habit and becomes the attitude and atmosphere

COLONEL LINDSAY ON A BURNING STEAMER.

Narrow Escape.

The first tidings of Kingston's safety reached Barbados just before the Colonel and party left for Trinidad.

The medge news was of a most alarming character, and our friends had to return to Trinidad, hoping for the best; yet with a dread sense of what might have taken place. Mr. Lindsay's wife, awaiting them at Trinidad, however, lightened their fears somewhat.

Every effort was then made to reach to Jamaica.

catching the first boat, the *Venezuela*, an Italian vessel, the Colonel proceeded up the Spanish Main in the hope of meeting with a Jamaican bound craft of one of the ports. To his dismay, he missed no less than six boats, one by only six hours. *Venezuela* proved to pursue him, for the *Venezuela* was barely two hours out of Port Simon when it was discovered that the vessel was bare, and some off which formed part of the cargo had caught fire. The captain at once turned the ship and ran for Port Simon at full speed, arriving only just in time.

Great difficulty was experienced in getting the passengers into the life-boat, the sea being very rough.

The passengers ashore, the crew secured assistance and got the life-boat. After about twenty-four hours delay the vessel was able to proceed to Colon.

Here another disappointment awaited the Colonel, for he had missed the Jamaican connection and had to wait at Colon for the R.M.S. *Trent*, arriving in Kingston twenty-one days after he first heard the news. And this was the quickest time in which the journey could be made.—West Indian War Cry.

A German explorer in Turkestan has made a remarkable discovery. After digging for three months at a buried city, they stumbled on a cave packed with dead bodies. They all wore the dress of Buddhist monks. Many manuscripts, in ten different languages, were also discovered.

of the life, God is ever in the thoughts. His will is the one desire. His glory the life's design.

This prayer is communion. We have this communion with God. We discuss our problems with Him. We arrive at our decisions in His presence. Here we are, where we pray and in everything. It is possible to pray and read, eat, and write, and work. Prayer is breath, the soul's breath. Let us as we breathe without ceasing, so we should pray without ceasing. Prayer is the Christian's breath.

Thank of the peace of the life of prayer. It saves from many fits and worry. How true are Einstein's lines:

Some of your ills you have cured, And the sharpest you still have survived. But most torments of pain you endure. From the evils that never offend. The life of prayer is salvation from the agonies and torments of life.

A DAY WITH THE GENERAL.

The General will spend nearly a month in Canada, and this highly interesting article gives a graphic description of how the General will spend his time. ♦ It deals with a week-end in England, but applies equally well to his week-ends in Canada.

SUNDAY with the General is at once the climax to one and the starting-point to a second campaign for the salvation of souls to the town visitor.

"THE GENERAL"

will preach

In the Empire Theatre Next Sunday, at 11, 3, and 7."

So read the wall posters.

A usual interpretation of such an announcement would be that the public will be favored with three well-prepared sermons from the founder of the Salvation Army. But the General's public work is built on an entirely different conception of his duty, opportunity, and Divine call.

What is a Sermon?

A service, under his direction, becomes a battle-royal between preacher and people. A sermon, with the General, is not merely a moralization or a more or less thoughtful meditation; it is a loud call to surrender there and then to God, to confess and renounce sin, and accept the principles of the cross of Christ. It is but a means to an end.

To appreciate, therefore, the wonderful example of physical and mental exertion and spiritual power with which the General invests his public work, one has to keep this ever before him.

Organization.

For instance, his visit to the town is preceded by a carefully organized visitation of the public-houses, the lodging-houses, and the homes of the drunkard and vicious, as well as of many of the steady working class. As many as 150 homes of drunkards were visited in the northern town; the visit to which is referred to in this chapter. The most notorious and abandoned character in the place was pleaded with to "Come and see the General—your friend, if you only knew it. I will give you the truth without vainglory. Aye, and you need it, lad, to judge by this home and these tatters. Man, God never intended you should live like an animal, or He would have provided you with four and hind feet."

Not very graceful language, we admit, but the General's forerunner is an expert in this kind of work. His bite is effective and successful.

Little advertising of the ordinary kind is done, because little is required. The General's name and forty-eight hours' announcement are ample means to ensure the filling of the largest building atmosphere four times on Sunday. Hence, a theatre is preferred to a public hall; and it has the extra advantage of being neutral ground, and more familiar to the classes for whose peace and happiness he especially delights to labor.

As with the preparations in general, so with the General's in particular. The British Commissioner provides him a confidential account of the Army's history, position, and prospects. The General takes counsel with any of his officers who happen to know the locality he is visiting.

His mind is thus prepared for his campaign by a knowledge of the circumstances which he will find on arrival.

The five hours in the train are occupied over notes of the addresses to be given, consideration of matters requiring attention elsewhere, and correspondence. The former, where they traverse ground ahead, well-worn, are brought up to date, supplied with fresh illustration and amplified arguments. The campaign has begun.

After the social courtesies are exchanged at his billet—and he is usually entertained by leading citizens—the General does not retire to rest. The telegraph messenger will prevent that. His leading officer in the district has something to say, and a request to make, and then half a dozen journalists have prepared a fusillade of questions, and are waiting to let them go.

"Before tea, General?" asks the host.

"I never keep a journalist waiting. Like myself, he is a busy man."

They are invited in, and the hostess looks reflectively at the tea-things, the clock, the maid, and the tired General.

"Now, gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

Flap, flap go the note-books, and for the next half hour a brisk, animated talk ensues—say, upon the licensing laws, the General's own scheme for dealing with the vagrant or tramp problem, emigration, colonization, and—depend upon it—Salvation, and Salvation as it affects the pressmen. Were editors not such despots, these reporters would fill many a column of their newspapers with the copy such an interview supplies. But, as a rule, the English newspaper is greatly interested in the General's movements and opinions, and ventilates these with a fair amount of space.

The General is a born conversationalist; but to-night he must husband his resources. Five o'clock tea is over in fifteen minutes, and then the General must be left alone, and woe to the Secretary who, from that moment until the meeting opens, an hour or so after, intrudes on any second-rate or third-rate errand. The prophet is adjusting his mantle. He takes an imaginative flight into the Bowditchland of the Eternal, and his silence in the cab all the way to the hall betokens a travail of spirit, which is the sure precursor of a moral and spiritual transformation of the lives of many that night.

The Noble White Head.

As usual with the General's weekend meetings, the Saturday night gathering was devoted to a Soldiers' Council, and long before the bold and noble white head appeared on the platform, the citadel was packed from floor to ceiling with eager welcoming Salvationists, besprinkled, as one could see, with backsliders whose hearts still loved the old work, and whose minds hankered after the old ways.

For the rest, they were a goodly crowd to see, men heavily predominating, hard of hand, brusque of tongue, independent of manner, indifferent of shame, old footballers, old prize-fighters, old wife-beaters, old pigeon-flyers; one could only think of the Apostle's words: "Such were some of you, but ye are washed." From different parts of the world, they

evidently greeted with pleasure the point and personality of these opening words, and settled down under them to a straight heart-talk. They got it. Kindly, pithy, and humorous as words might be, flashing with incident, graphic with detail of picture and story, yet the great personal **YOU** shot straight out from the shoulder at them like a blow, hitting somebody every time.

"You—what are you doing for God? You—who knows what God can do for you?"

The girl with the flabby hat looked at him with two fiercely burning eyes; the drunkard, with his miserable home in the background, threw back his head to drink in words of hope; the backslider gazed through a mist of tears; the faithful, persecuted soldier set his teeth more firmly, and vowed to go through; the convert with an unsaved father bowed his head in prayer; the old woman, in a hallelujah bonnet, with a prodigal son, gave a sobbing ejaculation; the military man under the gallery, who had left five saved comrades in a barrack-room in a neighboring town, won to God through difficulties best known to himself alone, beamed at the inspiration breathed into his heart; and still the question rang out, "Who knows, who knows, I say, what God can do for you?"

Speaking to the Spirit.

Over fifty men and women answered that question at the pentent form—secret backsliders nearly all. It is a meeting which supplied the key to the General's commanding power over men. He speaks to the spirit of man, at times with the tenderness of a Guyon, and his reproofs of sin in the church recall an Ignatius de Loyola. His knowledge of the man nature is deeper than Saint Augustine's, because permeated with a light which the exalted place he occupies among men has enabled him to acquire.

Introspection.

Every door is sentinelled, every post filled, every collection-box in charge, and three parts of the great building occupied when the General mounts the platform on Sunday morning to deal out the truths he holds so dear. The organization is perfect; and if imperfect, the eagle eye of the General will soon detect it. If these people have come to enjoy a nice, comfortable, religious service, with just a spice of novelty in it, they have brought a mistaken notion. They begin by looking at the General; they end by looking at their own hearts—introspection which clouds many a face, blinds many a heart, and whitens one man to the very lips.

The picture of the soul who is beckoned by the Spirit of Grace to mystic communion of purity and love, but who turns from the grieving Comforter to walk with the wife of another man on the road to hell, burns its way in. "Perhaps he feels he is in hell already," suggests the General, and against the tense silence bursts an unconscious sigh.

This sermon is "built," as the person would say, on a threefold principle: exegesis (always terse and brief), practical (suited to the needs of the human heart, and the class before him), and decisive—he demands

that his audience shall act at once according to their convictions.

The man who looks upon religion and cries, "I'd like to live a holy life, to have a death-bed of triumph, to go up and share the glory of the skies, but—but—" and lets his greed for gain, his passionate ambition, his unscrupulous motive, his love of license, drag him down, is forcefully contrasted to Paul—Paul with his promising early life, his ambitions, his friends, his secured position, who makes his choice between all this and being a poor, despised follower of the Nazarene, but who cries, "Perish the world, perish everything, but let me live Jesus Christ!"

Getting Power.

The bondsmen are leaning eagerly forward; a woman below has dropped her fur and gloves unheeded to the ground; a doorkeeper has unconsciously advanced three or four paces up the aisle; an ex-officer turns a still, intense face toward his long-loved General; a flabby-dressed man, who has seen better days, grips the chair in front of him. The voice proceeds—

"Power, but how can you get it? How did Paul get it? By the full surrender of himself."

"Fishers" seemed needless; the Spirit of Truth is dealing with the people Himself—convicting, revealing, stripping from them the falsities which they have bound over their nakedness of soul;

The General is not satisfied, however. He lingers. His eyes have rested pleadingly upon a backslider, and his face will stand out in his memory all the way to his lunch.

Vegetable Soup.

His good hostess has prepared a wholesome vegetarian soup, and the dishes likely to tempt his taste, and recuperate his exhausted system; for it must be remembered that this sermon has, with exhortations and pleadings in the prayer meeting, extended to half a dozen, and the service has lasted two hours.

But, not Rest is food. A taste of the soup, a slice or so of an apple, and a little later a cup of tea, before resuming the battle, must suffice.

His voice, vigor, and clearness of vision depend upon rigid abstinency. Then, he must write the Chief, and the vigilant scribe has several letters which must have decisions upon before the Sunday's mail closes. The incessant call of work only allows him a short period of repose.

We have a contrast in the afternoon. The elite of the town occupy the reserved seats. The Mayor, with Magistrates, Clergymen, Doctors, etc., fill the front row of the platform.

In one hundred of the principal public-houses last week appeared an officer requesting a private moment with the General. "I have called to ask you to support the Mayor or Sunday afternoon next," said he to their astonished hearing. "He presides at a lecture to be given by General Booth upon His Social Work, in which you may be interested. The General desires me to give you a special invitation."

They are there, fifty or sixty out of the hundred; and no part of this assemblage is responding more heartily or giving more generously than they.

(To be concluded next week.)

SPIRITUAL SELF-HELP.

Notes from the Chief of the Staff's Afternoon Address at the Young People's Councils.

"Work out your own Salvation with fear and trembling."—Phil. ii. 12.

(Continued.)

NOW, if you are going to work out your own Salvation, you will have to carry this cross. You must be willing to bear the shame, and to be known as a follower of the Crucified.

You will have to take up your cross and follow Him. Many of you are very slow when you come to this cross-bearing business. You are right for the joy and pleasure of religion. You want to die well, to have a happy eternity. But when you come to taking up the cross, then you say, "It is too hard, Lord, I can't do it. I want to be like John So-and-So, and Mary So-and-So. I can't stand being conspicuous and different from everybody else. I can't come out and face the ridicule. It's no use asking me, I can't."

That is not working with the Spirit; it is working against the Spirit, and, instead of working out your own Salvation, that will work out your damnation.

A Stern Rebuke.

Ah, this is why you cannot stand up against the difficulties that surround you! Here is one of the reasons why others say of some of our young people, "They are no good; they are up to-day and down to-morrow."

An officer said to me the other day, "My young people could shake in whose place if they would only keep up when they are up. They will come back from the councils red-hot, full of fire and joy. But in a month you will see where they will be."

I said to that officer, "You unblessing wretch!"

But there is truth in his words, nevertheless. Young people go down because they do not say, "Blessed Spirit, the living God has implanted in my heart Thy Divine mercy. I

am going to work with You in working out my Salvation. You toiled, You labored. You suffered. You have watched. You have followed me all my days. You have worked for me, now I am going to work for You."

Out-and-Outism.

I know that to many of you this cross-bearing in your own homes is very hard work. It is difficult, not merely in the home where there is open opposition, but in the homes where people are professing Christians or half Salvationists. Some of your own families, I know, are against you, and the great difficulty is that you do not take up your cross. You do not say to yourself, "Yes, my father is a Salvationist, but he does not want me to go to all lengths, to extremes, for Jesus. I shall have to go against him. He does not believe altogether in the out-and-outism of the Army. He would like me to have a good education, and to push myself up in my trade, although he says—

"'Wear the whole realm of nature mine,

That were a present far too small.'

If I really came up to the point, he does not want me to be an officer, he would not willingly let me go."

Very well, there is your cross, and only as you take it up and carry it for the Saviour's sake can you work out your own Salvation.

No Cross, No Crown.

Or perhaps you have a home where there is actual persecution. I know of a girl who may be amongst us to-day—her mother is against her, and her father hates religion and hates the Salvation Army. If he met her with a bonnet on her head he would snatch it off and tear it to ribbons, or he would strike her in the face and take the bonnet into the public-house to make fun of the Army.

She feels her cross is almost too heavy, and she is tempted to lay it down. But if she is going to work out her own Salvation, to work with the blessed Spirit of God, she will not lay her cross down; she will take it up and carry it. If she does not take it up, if she says, "I want a crown without carrying my cross," then she cannot be saved—she cannot work out her own Salvation. If she turns back and lays down her cross—even if she gets into heaven at last—she will be such a cold, silent, everyday kind of a saint there will be no beauty, no glory in her, without a palm of victory, and without a crown of glory, because she shirked her cross and would not face the fight.

Somewhere in the West of England there is a girl who, when

she was sixteen years old, got saved. Her father was a drunkard, and her mother against every profession of religion. But the girl held on.

At first her mother was as bitter that, after trying to dissuade her from being a Salvationist, she actually threatened to take her daughter's life. But the girl was firm. "I cannot give up, mother," she said; "this is the cross which is laid upon me."

After some time her mother found an old Army bonnet hidden away under the bed. She pulled it out and asked, "Is this yours?"

She Wanted the Bonnet.

"Yes, mother," said the girl, "I bought it from one of our soldiers who has done with it. I want to wear the bonnet, mother. Don't refuse me. I have tried to help you and bless you and do all I could for you."

Promoted to Glory

MRS. SHERRIN, OF S. W. ARM, NEW BAY.

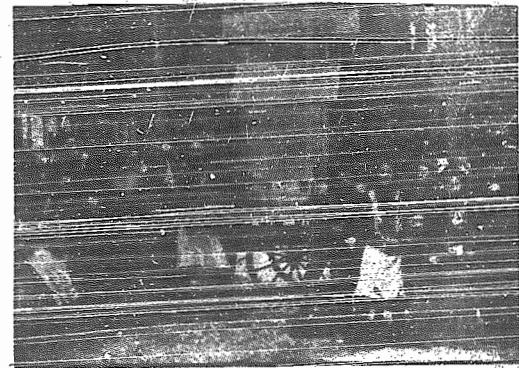
Her Own Happy Home.

On January 29th Sister Mrs. Sherin, wife of our Sergeant-Major, was promoted to Glory from South West Arm. She suffered much pain from consumption, but assured her friends that she was not afraid to die. When visited by the Lieutenant a few hours before her death, she said, "I am going to my own happy home." She realized that God was very near.

We extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved husband and family—A. E. Price, Lieut.

SISTER MINNIE MILLS, OF TILT COVE.

After suffering two years with con-



A GERMAN SOUP-BARROW.

Hundreds of children in Hamburg are forced to attend school every morning without breakfast. To meet this need the Army has arranged to supply 200 of them with warm soup or coffee, free of charge, either before school or during the "pause" at 10 o'clock. The press has commented very favorably upon this new venture, and has expressed its hope to see twenty such "soup-bars" under Army control.

The mother said, "Well, Annie, wear it, but don't let your father see it."

"If I may wear the bonnet, mother," said Annie, "then mayn't I wear the uniform as well?"

The mother waited a minute, then she answered, "Annie, if I tell you something, you won't tell anybody, will you? Before you knew me, darling, I wore the bonnet. I was once a soldier, too."

Mother and daughter fell on each other's knees and wept, and both went down together by the bed on which lay the bonnet, and the mother came back to God.

That girl conquered because she accepted the fight and carried her cross!

(To be continued.)

sumption, our sister has at last been called home. She was very patient under all her afflictions, and her trust in God was strong.

The writer saw her on the last night she spent on earth. She looked very happy, and her face shone as an angel's. Her heart was gladdened when her dear mother knelt down by the bedside and gave God her heart. The people present prayed and sang for two hours, and God honored their efforts by saving a soul.

The funeral was conducted on Friday. At the memorial service on Sunday night two souls sought and found Jesus.—H. Dicks.

BROTHER KIRBY, BROCKVILLE.

He was Ready to Go.

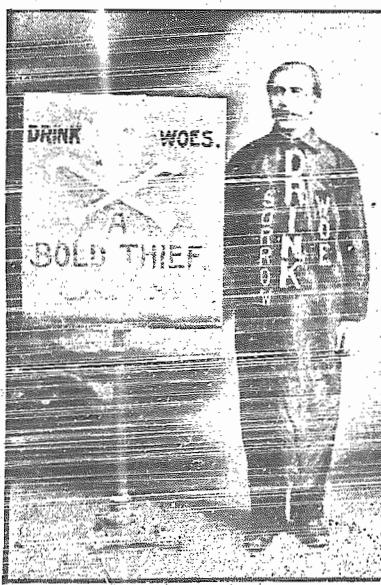
Death has broken our ranks and taken brother Kirby away. For about two years he has been ailing, and on the 9th of February he succumbed to an affection of the lungs.

Our comrade was a soldier for over seventeen years, and was one of the number who helped to erect the baracks here.

When Lieut. Thornton visited him he said he was ready to go if the Master required him, and at the weekly visits of Capt. Richardson he loved to hear the song "Above the waves of earthly strife" sung.

Our comrade conducted the funeral services. The hall was crowded, and many hearts were touched as the Captain spoke on "Death." At the night meeting five souls came to Christ, three of them being relatives of the deceased.

A memorial service was held on Sunday, and a large crowd assembled to hear the Captain's address on "Resurrection." Sister Earl and Chisholm sang our comrade's favorite song, "The Homecoming." Many were deeply touched and awakened to their need of a Saviour.—G. B. Robinson.



How Adjt. Sims Appears in His Great Drink Talk.

Social Work Amongst Women

By the Lady Francis Balfour.

Two thousand, one hundred and thirteen Women and Girls were received in our various Rescue Homes in the United Kingdom during last year. Of this number, 1,841 were sent to situations or restored to their friends.

A Stumbling-Block.

THOSE who deal with the Social Work among women in Scotland have to take into account the national character. There has always been "a high estate" of the poor, and if they fall from it, they too often sin, not from ignorance, but against the light of religion and education. There is a worthy tradition behind them of an honest, upright, God-fearing race. With these virtues there has too often gone a low standard of temperance and chastity. The proud, reserve and self-dependence of the race, again—in themselves qualified which work for good among those who are upright—are often a great stumbling-block to those who, having fallen, are unwilling to look the facts of their condition in the face.

The Salvation Army, in its Social Work for women in Scotland, has realized the difficulties, and the best means of meeting them. It has never worked philanthropy apart from religion, and the Army has led the way in associating social reform with earnest religious conviction.

Fundamental Differences.

Scotland has often proved "a strong soul," and the Army officers know well that their love and zeal have not always met with the response they would fain see. It is possible to trace the causes of this. It lies in certain fundamental differences concerning the doctrines and ordinances of the Christian church. These differences do not interfere with the belief all admit hold, who know and have seen the work of the Army, that they have sought and found a way of saving those for whom the Founder of all Christian churches was content to die. By the power of the blood of the Redeemer, and the life-blood of His servants, by the fire of that Divine love which He has put into the human soul of its suffering brethren, the Salvation Army has founded a Social Work which has proved itself a pattern of all such Christian endeavour.

The Social Work in Scotland has already had its success; and its centres, well rooted and grounded, are bearing good fruit.

Official Confidence.

The Scottish prison authorities know and value the power of the Army, and they have given its officers facilities not enjoyed by other parts of the kingdom. Their confidence is well repaid. Those who care to see a typical Home which the Army provides for women who have come out of prison, or have become inebriates, should visit "Ardenshaw," in Paisley. Glasgow is not a town that the most patriotic Scot can call attractive. Its greatest merit is that it is the gateway to the hills, and that half an hour on those broad waters of the west will bring the city dweller into the land of heath and mountain. Dark with the grey mists from the hills, made mysterious by the city smoke, its poor dwell in slums unredeemed by any features of beauty, or of neatness. A damp climate, a population with a fierce mixture of Irish, shirripers, and their intermittent trade, factory life and the grinding contests of great wealth and great poverty, are all to be met with, and are very open to the eye. An experienced officer in the Army once told a "proud Scot" the plain truth, that, in an extended experience over many lands, the worst slums and the most uncleaned women had been met with in Glasgow wynds. Met with, and, as far as possible, gathered in, for the Salvation Army is never content with seeing. It arrives, it sees, and it conquers.

Peaceful "Ardenshaw."

Nothing is more impressive than the Army's belief in light, space, and air; and they have found it, even in Glasgow. "Ardenshaw" stands in its own grounds, within a garden which does the Army credit. In this quiet retreat

they have placed the women who have in various ways needed their help. "Ardenshaw" daily exhibits the quiet peace of a home life. In its quiet and rest, the shattered nerves and nerves will can receive fresh life, and be filled with perhaps a new ideal; and the memory of an early happy home may be revived. There are no locked doors, the way of escape is open, but no one seems to desire to escape. Some leave it for domestic service, and return as "Service Girls," to use the room of rest and recreation, which is ever open to those who have become "house-mates." The dormitories are airy, and, like all Army possessions, spotlessly clean. It would be an interesting item if the Army accounts for sleep in "all the world" were stated in plain figures by themselves. If the cleanliness strikes the visitor who is accustomed to surroundings of the like comfort, what must be the impression produced on those who have never realized its saving grace on their own persons or in their homes? . . .

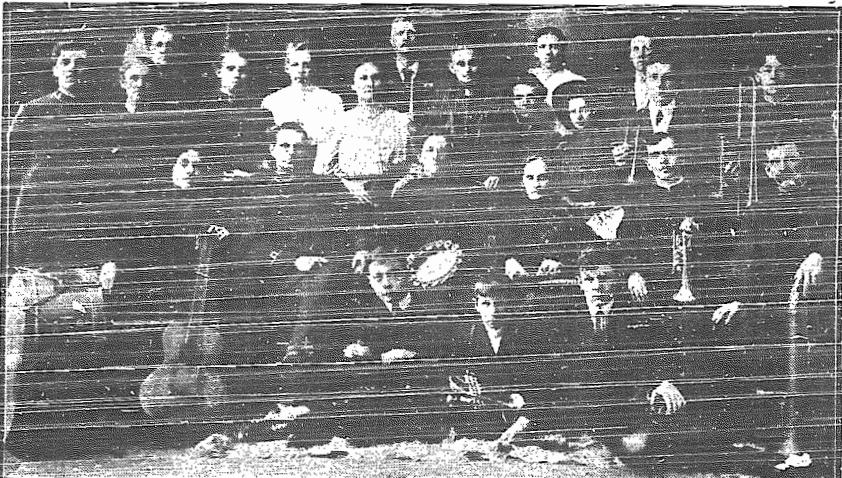
An Oasis in the Desert.

"Ardenshaw" holds but the selected of the many cases that come under the fostering care of the Army. In

towns has already been alluded to, but wherever women have become degraded, their disregard for all the laws which must govern their lives in this relation are to the forefront. Whether the girl has *given* to the life of prostitution at her own will, or whether she has been ruined, perhaps in her own mockery of a home, or has fallen under temptation in domestic life, she and the result of her fall are to be met with everywhere. The child, which is born with no legitimate claim on the father to help it and its mother, may be the means of dragging the woman yet lower, or it may be the stepping-stone on which the girl can rise to a higher ideal of woman and motherhood. She will not do it among those haunts where her failure to keep the standard of womanhood high is the rule and not the exception. She will not there learn to care for and love the life she has brought into the world, and which she can then not share with it, which she feels neither the call of love or duty. If she is taken at the time out of her surroundings, nursed in her hour of extreme need, and taught how to care for the life she has brought into the world, led on to see that it is her duty to support and cherish and teach it, then, and only then, can effective Social Work be wrought, and the life given and the life saved become healthy members of the community. No woman sins against herself alone; she is either a menace or a blessing to many. There is no half-way house.

©

It is not to be wondered at that Mrs. Bramwell Booth feels it laid upon her to provide a new and much larger Maternity Hospital and Home for young mothers.—From Social Sketches.



Officers and Soldiers, Paris, Ont.

Front row (standing up) from left to right.—Mrs. Wale; Mrs. Hinckleff; Mrs. Keeley; Sister S. Howell; Sister L. Howell.
2nd row.—Bro. R. McLaughlin; Mrs. Crawford; Mrs. Wm. McLaughlin; Sister M. Hunter; Sister A. West; J. S. Secretary N. McLaughlin; Bro. Wm. Hinckleff; Bro. Wm. Crawford.
3rd row (sitting down).—Mrs. R. McLaughlin; Treas. W. McLaughlin; Capt. Pickel; Capt. Cooke; S. M. Crawford; Bro. J. Howell.

Front row.—Leslie Keeley; Johnny Howell; Johnny Crawford.

A ONE-WORD TEXT.

the centre of the town is the building known as "The Metropole," where the cases are first received that come from the Police Courts, and where an Army officer is always present when the magistrate is sitting. Here the women's histories are learnt, and they are either taken into "Ardenshaw," or are helped back to friends and employment. "The Metropole" cannot be so bright a centre as "Ardenshaw," for it lies amid the dark streets of the town; but even here there is the sense of peace and comfort, and the cubicles let out to lodgers have over them the air of a home which the possessor values. The little pots of flowers in the window-sills were not part of Army regulations, but told of Army influence, and are a reminder that they best pray "who love best all things both great and small." . . .

An Urgent Need.

No such work can exist that does not bring into prominence the need for a Maternity Hospital and centre. The low moral standard of the Scottish

On Sunday we had with us at Clark's Beach Mrs. Ensign Moulton, Captain Newell, and Lieut. Farrell. Mrs. Moulton took the lesson in the holiness meeting, and gave us a beautiful talk on the word "Peace." Captain Newell is a beautiful singer and everyone was delighted with her. One soul found pardon, making two for the day.—L. R.

A BREAK IN THE DEVIL'S RANKS.

We are glad to report victory at Hespeler. Although we have been fighting with many difficulties, still we can praise God for a break in the devil's ranks.

We had good meetings on Sunday. At night the break came, and we had the joy of seeing five souls seek and find the Saviour. Others are under conviction, and we are praying and believing for many more.—E. Y. and J. A. C. O.

Band Chat.

The band took the meeting at Edinburgh on Saturday night, being led by Bandmaster Dawson, assisted by Bro. Ryder and Bro. Anderson. Each member of the band contributed an interesting part to a successful meeting.

©

The band at St. John's, Nfld., gave a musical festival on Feb. 12th, presided over by Lieut.-Colonel Bagg, and conducted by Staff-Capt. Morris.

The local press commented favorably upon it as follows:—

"A crowded hall greeted the S. A. Citadel Band in their hall last night at New Gower Street. One of the most elaborate and pleasing exhibitions of music was given that has ever delighted a St. John's audience.

"The selections by the S. A. band came as a great surprise to many. The precise manner in which they played, with a great variety of music, well merited the applause they received. The instrumental and vocal quartettes, quintettes, and solos were excellently rendered.

"Staff-Capt. Morris played as a cornet solo, 'Cadair Idris,' which was an artistic rendering of that popular Welsh song. The purity of tone was a most pleasing feature, while the ease and grace with which he manipulated the difficult passages of music, was well worthy of the applause received.

"Colonel Rees sang a solo in Welsh, and in the early part of the program presented the monster B flat bass to

Bandmaster Avery, who will, in future, play the instrument.

"The band leaves on Saturday for a week's trip around the bay, in charge of Staff-Capt. Morris.—St. John's Telegram.

33

The Galt Band has improved wonderfully of late. A short time ago only two bandmen stood in the street with the drum, but now we number ten. Bandmaster Lawrence is in charge and he has obtained the No. 2 Band Book, containing a good selection of marches. We have a new drum and are hoping to obtain more instruments and players in the spring.

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Last Council of the British Territory possessed 16,830 commissioned bandmen and songsters; this year the figures stand at 18,800—an increase of 1,970, of whom 1,260 are bandmen. There are now 720 qualified Bandmasters, and 320 Songster Leaders in the United Kingdom alone.

Two Hard Workers.

REGINA'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE TRAINING COLLEGE.

Regina has lost two of the hardest workers of its corps in Cadets Ladwick Ursaki and R. W. Ety, who have left us to enter the Training College this session.

Cadet Ursaki, better known as "Ladwick," was converted on Jan. 22nd, 1905, while the corps was under the command of Ensign Hart and Lieut. now Captain Johnson. Our comrade and future officer has not had it all his own way, as his people were at first very much opposed to his action in making his stripes under the yellow, red, and blue. Indeed, so great was the opposition that he was given the option of either leaving the Army or losing his stripes. Ursaki stuck to his colors, and adopted the latter course, and has been a consistent and faithful soldier of the corps ever since. We are glad to say that his parents have now come round, and when he visited his home before he left for Toronto it was with the full approval of his mother, our future, and we feel sure, successful officer was Drum Sergeant for a considerable time, and has always closely identified himself with the corps, whose interest he has ever had deeply at heart. Not long ago he told the writer that he was willing to do what the Lord wants him to do, and go where He wanted him to go. At the time of leaving the corps he was a local officer, and we all wish him the richest of God's blessings on his future life, feeling sure that to use an expressive Scotch phrase, "he has the root of the matter in him."

A Bit Wild.

Brother Ety, who has also been a faithful soldier of the corps, was converted in November, 1904, under the same officers as his comrade. Like many young men, he was a bit wild before conversion. His life since then has been remarked upon by people who are not connected with the Army, and he has always been regarded as a steady and loyal soldier of the corps. He has held a commission almost since he took his stand under the colors, having been Color Sergeant, Bandsman, Orderly Sergeant, and a Company Guard. He has always taken great interest in the work among the juniors, and though of a somewhat reserved disposition, is nevertheless a good worker, whose action speaks louder than words.

The places of these two comrades will be hard to fill, and we shall miss them from our local ranks. We wish them the brightest of futures. And still there are more to follow as soon as the way opens.—E. B.

A SOUL-HUNTING BRIGADE.

The Burst of a Cloud.

Sunday, Feb. 17th, was an eventful day at Stratford. At the close of the afternoon meeting, on the invitation of the insignia, a number of the older comrades stayed behind to consider a proposal made by Sergeant-Major R. Summer to form a "Hunting Brigade," for the purpose of looking up ex-soldiers, backsiders, and others whose faces have been missed from among us. This proposal was eagerly discussed and prayed about, and definite plans were arranged.

There was a good, spirited open-air at night, and the inside meeting was good. After the prayer meeting had been going on for some time, a start was made by a young junior leading a backsider to the penitent form, and then it seemed that the Spirit of God came in the burst of a rain cloud, and all felt the presence of God. One man, an ex-soldier, was convicted and got up and left the meeting, but returned after a while, took off his hat and coat, and went straight to the penitent form where he fully surrendered himself to Christ. He was followed by a young sister coming out, and another ex-soldier present was deeply convicted but did not yield, but we are believing for him.—E. C.

WINNIPEG MOURNS YET REJOICES.

On Sunday evening, Jan. 27th, a memorial service was held at the Winnipeg Citadel, in loving memory of our dear comrade, Mrs. Arthur Jones, who was promoted to Glory

A SON OF BELIAL,
AND HOW HE WAS TRANSLATED
INTO THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

HE most convincing proof anyone could desire to see of the power of the religion of Christ to transform the worst of sinners into God-fearing and upright men, would be the actual production of the individuals in whom such a miracle of grace has been wrought.

Within the ranks of the Salvation Army are many such, and their simple testimony is most convincingly told than bookfuls of beautiful theories or a whole course of lectures on the possibility of a drunkard's conversion.

We are constantly receiving the written life-stories of many desperate characters, whose sole object in relating the unsavory details of their past seems to be to glorify God and to encourage others. They call upon the Lord in the day of their trouble and He delivered them, therefore it is laid upon their hearts to glorify their Deliverer by publishing far and wide the story of their great deliverance. Yea, we believe that many feel like Paul when he exclaimed, "Woe unto me, if I preach not the Gospel!" They are compelled by the urgings of the Spirit within them to make known unto all the power of God unto Salvation, and if they disobey and let pride overcome them, they probably drift into a formal mode of worship, losing all power with God and man, or else utterly backslide and sink lower down than they were before.

With the object in view of benefiting his fellowmen and giving glory to God, Brother Robinson, of Vancouver, has related his struggles with the drink and tobacco idols and how he finally overcame them. This is his sign:

"At the early age of fifteen I took my first drink of whisky, and also began to smoke and chew tobacco. Three years later I was carried home dead drunk and laid at my mother's feet. It nearly broke her heart. I promised to reform the next day, but soon forgot my promises, and night after night I went on the carouse with gay companions.

"In 1890 I came West, and arrived at Moose Jaw intending to change my ways. The change of surroundings, however, did not change my character, and I soon found that my depraved appetites craved for indulgence as strongly as ever. I completely gave way to drink and tobacco, and all the money I earned would be spent

from Vancouver, B. C., on the 11th of this month.

The news of her promotion to Glory brought with it a great sense of sorrow and loss to all who knew her, and as comrades spoke of the blessing her life and influence had been to them, we felt afresh the great loss that we had as a corps sustained, yet rejoiced that another comrade had proved faithful unto death, and had come off more than victorious.

Sgt.-Major Moore, and Brothers Anderson, Cromarty, and Mitchell, also Mrs. Mitchell, spoke feelingly of the beautiful life of our dear departed one, and many prayers were offered up that He who alone can comfort and sustain may be an all-sufficient consolation to our dear comrade, Brother Jones, and the five little ones, also the father and brothers, whose hearts mourn for their loved one.

At the close of the meeting three precious souls sought Salvation.—E. C. M.

THROUGH SOUTHEAST ALASKA.
Progress All Round—Forty-Four Enrolled and Others Waiting.

The Salvation Army work amongst the natives of Alaska is moving on in the right direction, and the prospects look bright. They have had a good winter and the junior work is picking up, whilst many souls have been saved and made into soldiers.

The District of Southeast Alaska is very large and travelling there is very expensive, yet a great deal of it has to be done by Adjt. Smith, our D. O. in those parts, in order to regularly visit the dozen towns and villages in which

gratify my cravings in those directions. I would be drunk for weeks at a time, and spent my Sundays in gambling at some low dive. I wandered from place to place, and one day came to Calgary. There I met with the Salvation Army. I would stand on the street corner and listen to them, and thought that they were all right. They had what I wanted, they were free and happy, while I was a drunken, miserable sot. One night I entered the barracks, and Adjutant Hayes came and spoke to me, with the result that I knelt at the penitent form and got saved.

"For nearly four months I kept straight, and then I left Calgary and went farther West. I lost my hold on God, and went down again worse than ever. For three dreadful days I wandered through the country, going down the road with hell all the time. Often I have been haunted throughout the night by snakes and devils, until life became almost unbearable, and I longed and prayed for death to come.

"One night I was walking down Carroll St., in Vancouver, when I heard the Army drum, and I stopped and listened.

"Someone was singing, and I thought I recognized the voice. I drew nearer, and discovered it was my old officer at Calgary. There and then the Spirit of God took hold of me, and I went to the meeting and tried to get saved. Nine times I went to the front, but did not get what I wanted. I was keeping something back, and God could not answer my prayer till I was willing to give it up. It was cigarette smoking, which had taken a complete and terrible hold on me. Being unwilling to quit it, I went down further than ever in sin, and gave up all hope of being saved. It five months I was a total wreck, and hardly able to stand on my feet through drink.

"When matters came to this terrible pass then it was that Christ stooped down to save me. Six months ago I knelt at the Army penitent form and gave God all that was left of me. "Every idol was surrendered, and God came into my heart and filled every corner of it. To-day I am rejoicing in my freedom and glory in the saving and keeping power of Christ. God took all desire for drink and tobacco out of my heart and gave me new desires, and I say, God bless the Salvation Army all round the world."

"On receipt of a cablegram from Douglas, Adjt. Smith started off to visit that place for the purpose of marrying two couples, dedicating two children, and enrolling seven soldiers. In the meeting which was held one soul came to Christ. Capt. and Mrs. Quick are at work here.

Killisnoo has done well during the absence of Capt. Gardiner, who was assisting the D. O. in building a new quarters at Wrangell. There are now two J. S. Sergeants here.

Shakon is officiated by Captain T. Smith, who is doing well. Fifteen soldiers have been enrolled and twenty-two children have been dedicated. There are thirty-two juniors in this corps.

A new barracks has just been erected at Petersburg, which is a credit to S. M. Worthington, Sgt. Phillips and the comrades who assisted. God bless them.

Heines has had new life put into it by a visit from the Douglas officers and locals, and is now doing well.

Sgt.-Major Tamases was recently despatched to Lawmen to enrol thirteen recruits, and he sold over \$70.00 worth of uniform. There are now seven more waiting to be enrolled.

At Klawock several are anxiously awaiting to be enrolled. Capt. Halpenny is doing well, and I've had him work.

Sists. and Leonah are doing well, and seven soldiers were recently enrolled at the latter place.



Hon. L. J. Tweedie.
Newly-appointed Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick.

The successor of the late Lieut.-Governor Snowball, of New Brunswick, is the Hon. L. J. Tweedie, Premier of the Province, a warm-hearted friend of the Salvation Army.

On Parole.

THE GOVERNOR'S PARDON.

Lieut.-Colonel Fugnire has just been successful in securing from His Excellency the Governor-General the release of a prisoner in the Central on parole. This man has been found work, is re-united to his family, and has excellent prospects ahead of him. He has professed conversion and announces his intention of joining the Salvation Army. This is only one among numbers of cases we deal with week by week.

Five Cents.

To-night I sat and listened
Down in the Army hall,
To the story of a five-cent-piece,
Which was a widow's all.

You say, "Five cents—it isn't worth The mention." Do not sneer,
For Christ will well remember it,
And help that soul, don't fear.

And that one tiny action,
Which I heard of just to-night,
Has helped me on to Glory,
And to square things up all right.
So here go all my nickels bright,
I lay them at His feet;
Nor do I count it half enough,
His love to-night to greet.

I've kept them quite a little while;
But now by Him I'm led
To give them all that some dear soul
May get a little bread.

(The above lines were written by a young lady who heard Adjutant McElheney speak in the Widow's Mite evening. In the envelope were a number of five-cent pieces.)

Tall Figures.

During the last session the Cadets did an enormous amount of field training work. When it is brought down to figures it reads as follows—

828 hours of visitation.

1,725 people I saw with.

1,146 houses entered.

2,235 sermons entered.

25,103 War Crys sold.

Besides all this they attended and took part in 4,920 open-air meetings, and 4,662 indoor meetings.

A Pathetic Appeal.

Capt. Gardiner, who is engaged in the native work in Alaska, recently received the following letter from three Indians:

"Please, dear Captain, come over and tell us about Jesus. We heard He died to save such poor people as us. We have met every host for five months to see if you would come. We heard you had come to tell us about Him, and that you know Him. Please

Then followed the signatures of the three men. The Captain adds, "At time of writing I am on my way there to bear them the message. Give more workers."

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GAZETTE.

Appointments—

ADJT. STOBBS to the Commissioner's Office, T.H.O.;
ADJT. McCANN to Sudbury;
ENSIGN BRISTOW to Provincial Headquarters, Montreal;
ENSIGN THOMPSON to Dovercourt, T. H. Corps;
ENSIGN HOWOOD to Rossland (prob. term);
ENSIGN McBACHERN to Southampton, Bermuda;
ENSIGN ROSE to Lethbridge;
ENSIGN EDWARDS, Soul-Saving Troop, West Ontario Province;
ENSIGN POOLE, Soul-Saving Troop, West Ontario Province.

Promotions—

Cadet and Mrs. Lankin to be Probationary-Captain;
Cadet Harry Coombs to be Probationary-Captain;
Capt. Matthew McGrath to be Probationary-Captain;
Cadet Ernest Wigmore to be Probationary-Captain;
Cadet Phoebe Cook to be Probationary-Lieutenant, Women's Social;
Cadet Luke White to be Probationary-Lieutenant, Women's Social.

THOMAS H. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Comments on Current Matters.

BARMADS AGITATION.

The Bill introduced in the British House of Commons making the tending of bars illegal for all women except publicans' wives and daughters, and empowering the authorities to refuse a license unless men are employed, is causing considerable excitement amongst the barmmaids, who are arranging to send a deputation to the Home Secretary to tell him that the ladies cannot do without them, citing a case in point one of the most famous saloons in the Strand which lately displaced barmmaids and substituted men, but it lost so much custom that it gladly re-engaged the women. We do not think that this case will help their cause much, for what it points to is the fact which we have repeatedly urged—that barmmaids are a far greater inducement for men to frequent saloons than the liquor itself, and as the drink is an evil that all statesmen deplore, the obvious thing for legislation to do is to remove the temptation.

A FEARFUL CALLING.

It is calculated that there are 30,000 barmmaids in great Britain, 8,000 of whom are in London. Those who have not experienced the atmosphere of a London public-house cannot imagine the sights and sounds to which thousands of the fairest and brightest of Britain's daughters are daily exposed. In this respect the Old Country would greatly benefit if it followed the example of Canada, and prohibited the service of women in these drinking dens—gilded and mirrored though the places be they are dens. We sincerely trust the Home Secretary will be firm on the point of the proposed legislation. We think the barmmaids, as a class, have been fully considered, as under the Bill existing barmmaids may, they wish to, continue their occupation until they die, but no fresh ones shall be made.

FROM THE GENERAL.

A Wireless Message—Severe Weather, but General Quite Well.

HOW THE PASSENGERS SERENADED THE GENERAL.

The following message concerning our beloved General has been received per wireless telegraphy at New York and transmitted to the Canadian War Cry:

From Higgins, S.S. Minneapolis.
1.54 p.m., March 4th.

"Expect to arrive in New York on Tuesday morning. Very severe weather has been experienced. Heavy snow, wind, and rain storms. The ship behaved magnificently, and the Captain and crew have been extremely kind.

"The General's health and spirits have been wonderful. He has written his weekly epistles to Calets and grandchildren; has been making extensive preparations for his tour in Canada and Japan; and notwithstanding the excessive motion of the boat, has secured and preached in the season.

"In connection with the preaching service all were deeply impressed, many were weeping, and a spontaneous Self-Denial offering was taken up. Passengers serenaded the General after the lectures, singing most impressively 'Hear, O Lord, to That.' The General is confident of a most victorious Campaign."

The General has sent this message to our British comrades, whose Self-Denial Campaign is now being waged:

"Officers and soldiers, friends, old and young, in Great Britain and Ireland, smash the target. God bless you all."

LIMITATION OF ARMAMENTS.

The Hague Peace Conference is becoming a factor to be reckoned with in the affairs of nations, for Great Britain in her naval estimates makes the statement that unless an understanding is reached at the next Hague Conference, three large vessels of the Dreadnaught type will be constructed. If the arrangement is arrived at, then only two. To abolish the building of a ship of this class is a very significant step, and is a long stride in the limitation of armaments. We have no doubt that that international arrangement will come, for the burden of taxation is becoming too great to bear. The new construction of warships for the British Navy will cost no fewer than forty and a half million dollars. What a lot of useful work could be done with all that money.

A MORAL CRUSADE.

We congratulate the authorities of Hamilton on the vigor with which they are upholding the laws in connection with gambling. The police have made some successful gambling raids, and the Magistrate has inflicted exemplary sentences on the keepers of gambling joints against whom convictions have been secured. The attitude of the bench is clearly expressed in the language of Police Magistrate Jelfs, for His Worship said, from what he knew himself, and the evidence that had been collected, gambling was on the increase in Hamilton. Men who conducted such places did not mind paying a heavy fine. There was only one way to punish them, and that was to send them to jail. That was what he would do, because he was determined, when the opportunity presented itself, to stamp out gambling.

RAILWAY WRECKS.

The frequency of railway wrecks of late is a matter that not only gives the traveling public concern, but we sincerely trust it causing much heart-

Headquarters Note.

News is just to hand that the South work had one of the most wonderful send-offs from the Old Country, and has been accorded to any Salvation Army chartered ship sailing out of Liverpool. The news which has reached us concerning the quality of the people that are coming is very cheering indeed.

The same, able intimates that Col. Eadie, the Field Secretary of the British Territory, is coming over with the Southwork. The others will have an opportunity of seeing the Colonel at some of the General meetings.

By the by, Colonel Eadie is an old Canadian officer. Many of the old soldiers and officers will remember the Colonel in the days of long ago, especially when he had charge of the old Kingston Division. Both old and new comrades will extend to Col. Eadie a very warm welcome, and as a matter of fact, will be only too glad to welcome others of our leaders from the land of the Army's birth.

Adjt. Thompson and Capt. Emery, from the Eastern Province, are on their way to the Old Land to come back with Ensign Tudge on the Vancouver, rendering assistance with the second chartered ship for this season. The Vancouver was the pioneer chartered vessel, and her shipment of new settlers created a profound impression. God speed her on her voyage.

The sympathy of all our dear comrades go out to the officers and soldiers in a portion of the Eastern Province who have been seriously hampered in their work by the outbreak of small-pox in their district. We have news to hand that Capt. Simon and his dear wife have been visited with the disease. Will our comrades everywhere pray that they may be speedily restored.

Comrades are reading in the conductor of the "Welcome" War Cry, which is very pleasing to all those who have had to do with it, and especially to the Editor. While speaking about periods, he may say that we are hearing from time to time from different parts of the world how much our War Cry is appreciated. How good it would be if we could double the circulation of this paper throughout Canada. Success is not impossible if all shoulders are put to the wheel.

Comrades coming to the General from different parts of the Nation will be impressed with the sign "Salvation Army Temple," in electric lights, at the corner of Abbott and James Sts. There is, I understand, a threshold portico in this sign.

1. It announces Salvation, for shouting out in electric lights in the name "Salvation."

2. Then flashes an "Army Temple" announcing the Temple.

3. The light from this illumination will make this corner bright.

I should not be surprised if a result of seeing this, many comrades imitate it for their barracks. How important it is to let people know where you are located.

Col. Eadie farewelled his bridge on Sunday night for the Army College. The meeting was well attended, and God blessed our fervent message to our soldiers closed with two songs in the name of Christ.

Commissioner Railton in China.

"Longing for the Army to March In."

As we have already informed our readers, Commissioner Railton recently paid a visit to Pekin in connection with the General's proposed visit to the capital of China. Referring to his visit the Commissioner says:—

"How could I help feeling that I was the most privileged person in the whole Salvation Army when I was to spend Christmas in Pekin pioneering?"

"And then I find myself not only the welcomed guest of the Rev. Dr. Ament, of the American Board, but kindly received by every missionary in the city, and by the Ambassadors of England, Spain, France, America, and Russia, with an excellent prospect of similar treatment from all the rest, was to realize that not for me personally alone, but for the Army there was indeed an 'open door' into China.

"As a matter of fact, I had found another door magnificently open in Tien-tsin, from our Major Yamamoto I had got an introduction to an old friend of his who now stands in the closest intimacy with the family of the Viceroy Yuan there, who is said to be the great man of China—the man who had decreed shortly before my visit that every opium shop in his province must close, not in ten years, but within a month!

"In Tien-tsin I had discovered a comrade amongst the Dutch soldiers, and in Tien-tsin I came across a former Auxiliary of the Army occupying a most influential position amongst the students who have learnt English, and who have regular English services—into one of which I dropped and was asked to speak the very night of my arrival.

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Pekin's Street Chapels.

"Oh, the liberty to fight here! So far beyond what we have even now in most parts of Europe. We can go ahead practically as we like, outdoors and in, just as soon as we have forces here.

"The street Chapels," as they are called, he most delighted me. They remind me of the Whitechapel Porch that won my heart so thirty-four years ago. Imagine a great shop in Regent Street or Oxford Street, with its large windows letting every passer-by see freely inside, and the whole afternoon, every day, with preachers and singers for Christ!

"Best of all about it to me was to find the places not only beautifully warmed and heated, but the people allowed to smoke, walking up freely to light their pipes at the fire just beside the speaker, and then settling down to a long, steady, intense listening, such as cannot generally be got out of doors! It is the open-air meeting with all the added advantage of having everybody settled. Of course, there are always faces at the windows, and ever and anon somebody slipping in for a long or short stay.

"G.N.B.—Converts here become quite as resolute to smoke no more as any totem!

China's Veterans.

"To see the grandest veterans of China—D.D.s, LL.D.s, M.D.s, learned and aged men—going in habitually to speak to such listeners with eager joy, whether at moments when the place is crowded or when it has thinned down

Relief Work in Jamaica.

LIEUT-COLONEL FRIEDRICH SENDS AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF WHAT IS BEING DONE.



S we have already informed our readers, Lieut-Colonel Friedrich, so well remembered by the Canadian forces, is now in Jamaica assisting Colonel Lindsay in the relief work rendered necessary by that terrible visitation. Our old comrade, well knowing the interest we feel, has sent the following interesting account of the relief operations:—

Relief work was commenced as speedily as possible, and aid given to rescue the wounded and help in the care of the injured. Mrs. Lindsay and Mrs. Lamb did excellent work in that respect.

Archbishop Mitall was the man of the hour, and was at once chosen as the chairman of the General Relief Committee.

Working for the General Good.

The Salvation Army officers co-operated heartily with the ministers and leading citizens, and all set to work according to the plans decided upon for the general good.

Our officers were appointed members of the sub-committees for the food and clothing relief, and also helped in guard duties, in nursing and dressing the wounded, and in every way toiled bravely night and day in the interests of the sufferers.

The Territorial Commander, Colonel Lindsay, as already mentioned in other dispatches, was in British Guiana at the time of the calamity. He endeavored to return to Kingston at once, and the only way seemed to be via Colon, but he found that there was no speedy boat connection. He was compelled, therefore, to wait, and could not reach Kingston until February 5th.

Mrs. Colonel Lindsay was equal to the emergency. Meetings for the time being were out of the question, as it was felt the need of the hour was work.

Open-Air Warfare Resumed.

As soon as the panic was over, however, we began to conduct regular meetings in the hall of No. III. corps, which was scarcely damaged, and occasional open-air were also held.

Now that the urgent needs of the wounded have been attended to, a regular series of open-air meetings are being held, both week-nights and Sundays, until some sort of a building can be erected.

In addition to the general relief work done in conjunction with the General Committee, the Salvation Army has been enabled to give some special relief to many urgent cases, both in food and clothing.

to twenty or to a mixture of lensmen and schoolboys—oh, that was a sight for Christmas better than had I seen those famous men holding forth in cathedral pulpits!

"Of course, the kindness lavished upon me and the feelings upon these sights did not at all lessen my hunger for the Army to march in—nor, after all, the Army stands so much alone in the world in its rough-and-ready ignoring of all but Christ crucified and its violent pressure of Him upon everybody."

"My purpose was to inquire and to prepare for the General's visit. But I

The railway company has also granted us the right to issue a stated number of passes to people who wish to go into the country and stay there with their friends, or in some place where assistance or employment can be had.

Relieving the Congestion.

In this manner we have been in a position to send quite a number of people away from Kingston, thus lessening the great demand for help.

A visit to the hospitals vividly brings before the onlooker some of the effects of the earthquake. All the wards are filled, and tents are put up on the grounds. The doctors worked night and day. Eighty limbs were amputated on the first day. Now and then a groan or shriek tells of suffering, especially when the wounds are being dressed. Bruised and maimed patients are everywhere.

But enough of the black side of this terrible visitation, which has destroyed a lovely city of 55,000 people.

Hope is already reviving. The debris is being cleared away and temporary structures are being erected, while damaged buildings are undergoing repair, and business men are opening stores. To their credit let it be said that they are selling at reasonable rates.

No Famine Feared.

The food supplies are now sufficient to meet all demands.

At our Men's Shelter some of our soldiers are busy clearing away the debris and erecting temporary Shelters in the rear of the premises out of the saved timber. Temporary buildings will also have to be constructed for officers' quarters and halls, and this will be done without delay.

A great blessing in the midst of all the destruction was the fact that the water supply did not fail.

The press has not been slow in recognizing the prompt and expeditious work of the Army, and the citizens have been quick to appreciate it.

Several of the leading people were grateful for some assistance in food and clothing, which the officers were glad to be able to give.

The officers have nearly all suffered the loss of their personal effects, and several had to dress in anything that was obtainable. In spite of all, they worked cheerfully and untiringly.

The Army's financial loss is very great. Ready assistance has helped to make provision for the immediate needs, but a great deal more is required for rebuilding purposes. Your donation will help. Kindly send subscriptions marked "Jamaica Relief Fund," to Commissioner Coombs, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

immediately found out a desperate need for action, especially to set free the thousands of lovely Japanese girls sold into the most terrible slavery for the gratification of lustful foreigners here. That was why I found it my duty to cable just before Christmas that I had 'occupied' China with a Rescue Home—though the 'Home' when I cabled was only my heart!

"In my next I shall describe what house in Tien-tsin or elsewhere my purpose may first be carried out in. Pray that we may rescue many, not only of the Japanese, but the Chinese also!"

EIGHT HUNDRED EMIGRANTS SAIL

Earl Grey Bids Them Godspeed.

The first contingent of Salvation Army emigrants, 800 strong, sailed on Feb. 27th, by the steamer Southward. The following message was received at the Army Headquarters from Earl Grey:

"Bon voyage to the first of this year's shipment to Canada. They will find here a kindly welcome, new opportunities, and new hope."

Hamar Greenwood wished the party "Godspeed."

By the time this issue is in the hands of our readers the new-comers will, we hope, have arrived. We bid them a hearty welcome to one of the best countries in the world.

The Army's Emigration Department have already despatched this year's first conducted party to Canada, over two hundred fine-type emigrants, leaving London and Liverpool on the 15th and 16th, sailing by the Lake Champlain for Halifax.

A splendid send-off was given to the party leaving Euston Station, supper being served by the courteous officials of the London and North Western Railway.

In addition to Colonel David Lamb, the Secretary for Emigration, Commissioner and Mrs. Nicol and Mr. Kennedy, of The Times newspaper, were present.

Some informal speech-making followed the supper. Mr. Kennedy remarking that he had already been across the Atlantic fourteen times, and that he had spent ten years in Montreal. There was "no room for jellyfish" on the other side, he said, but there was "plenty of room for men." He urged them to "exercise judgment and go, and use the wits that God has given you."

FOREIGN SECRETARY IN INDIA.

Our Most Successful.

The visit of Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker to the Gujarat Territory was one of great blessing, and is likely to give a great impetus to our work generally. In every way the success of the visit is reported to have exceeded by far everybody's most sanguine expectations. The reception meeting at Anand, which took place in a large Pandal that had been erected for the occasion, was preceded by a March Past, during which more than 2,000 officers and soldiers saluted the Commissioner.

At Ahmedabad, where minute inspections of institutions were conducted, a great cinematograph open-air meeting was also included in the program. This was one of the largest gatherings that have taken place in Ahmedabad, 10,000 people being present, including Mohammedans, Hindus, Parsees, Christians, Eurasians, and Europeans. At first it was feared that the crowd would be unmanageable, but splendid order was preserved and good hearing given to the Commissioner.

The Ahmedabad Boys' School has recently been examined by the Government Inspector. Considering that this was the first year of their studies, the boys did excellently. A grant in aid has been promised by the Government.

Brigadier Yeshu Patham, writing from Nagercoil, reports the dedication of a fine hall in the Alenyamvar Poovam Village, which was opened fifteen months ago. The whole of the place was beaten. The people petitioned to Headquarters to demolish their Temple, and to receive them into the Salvation Army and teach them the ways of God. In spite of difficulties they have stood the test, and have improved in every way. The new building is much appreciated, and at its dedication the leading men of the village and two others testified to the goodness of God and Salvation, and also thanked the Army for the provision of a hall in which to worship.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY AT
ST. THOMAS

Two Dedications.

The week-end meetings at St. Thomas were especially interesting, it being out 23rd anniversary.

A service of song entitled "The True Story of a Salvationist," was nicely rendered on Saturday night by Adjt. Knight and the bandsmen. Mrs. Knight treated us to one of her beautiful readings.

The Sunday meetings were well attended, and one soul came out for salvation in the morning meeting.

In the afternoon several comrades testified of a twenty-year's salvation experience. A very pleasing feature of the meeting was the dedication of John Leslie, the infant son of Quartermaster and Mrs. Hunt, also Eleanor May Elizabeth, the baby daughter of Brother and Sister Cooper. One soul knelt at the mercy seat.

A memorial service for Mrs. Wilkinson was held at night. God came very near, and at the close one soul sought pardon.

A most enjoyable social was given on Monday evening. The officers and some soldiers from Aymer were with us. The band and singers helped to make a pleasant time with their beautiful selections. Coffee and cake was served at the close.—Sergt. Wells.

CONTRACT WITH THE DEVIL.

Ensign Sheard and Envoy Hodges spent the week-end at Prince Albert, peaceful meetings were held, and the hall was crowded at night. The Ensign's address on "making a contract with the devil," was a powerful appeal to sinners.

Monday night the cinematograph entertainment in the City Hall broke all records, not only for Prince Albert, but for the whole Northwest. We took in \$50. Hall was crowded to the doors. A local friend, a most talented musician, kindly played suitable selections all afternoon. The children were in great glee and seniors were not a whit behind in their appreciation.—John H. Wilson.

LOST MONEY BUT FOUND CHRIST

The young people of Windsor, Ont., had a meeting on Monday evening, and one soul surrendered to God.

The local officers and bandsmen were commissioned on Thursday—40 in all. Under the leadership of Bandmaster Downing, the band is prospering, both musically and spiritually. Its numbers are also swelling.

On Sunday afternoon, three souls came out. One was a young Anglican lad, who had the misfortune of losing \$80. on his journey out here. Thank God, he has found a friend who will stand by him in all his difficulties.—Corp. Cox.

TWENTY-EIGHT SALVATION.

God's Spirit has been poured out among the young people this week at St. John's, H. I., and eighteen sought pardon. We believe in the Salvation of the young.

On Sunday night we were pleased to have with us Mrs. Adjt. Payne, also Adjt. Bockstael. Mrs. Payne made very touching appeals to the unconverted, and two souls sought God. We gave him the glory for what He has done.—Corp. Cox.

THEY WORKED WITH A WILL.

We have just had a visit from Adjt. Smith and Capt. Tiller at Niagara Falls for this week-end, and they have done us good service.

The Soul-Saving League have gone, and we were all sorry to have them leave. They pitched right in and worked with a will, and their efforts have been blessed.

On Sunday afternoon Adjt. Smith commissioned six local officers, and we believe we will have more in the near future.

Capt. Tiller gives his stereopticon service to-night. Capt. Carter goes on a rest for a few days, and Lieut. Crawford takes charge of the meetings.

Capt. Miller and four lieutenants were with us at Peterborough for the week-end meetings. We had the joy of seeing four souls at the mercy seat.

Jeremiah, the Weeping Prophet: A Study.

By G. B. S.

Part V.

WI have seen how wonderfully God called, touched, and sent forth Jeremiah to his life's work:

A stronger man than he might well have trembled before him, for God did not mislead him, nor allow him to suppose it would be easy.

From the first he was given to understand that bitter, long, and determined would be the opposition, yet one more command, coupled with a promise, came to his astonished heart.

Thou therefore, gird up thy loins, and arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee; be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them. For behold I have made thee this day a defenceless city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls against the whole land, against the Kings of Judah, against the princes thereof, against the priests, and against the people of the land. They shall fight against thee; but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee.

Struggling Against Kings...

Nor did the word of prediction fail. Jeremiah's whole life-ministry was a continuous struggle against kings, priests and people. Year after year his strength was spent in what ap-

peared to be vain efforts of persuasion, coupled with threats of impending judgment for their misdeeds. No mortal man brought upon himself more anger and bitterness than did this faithful prophet. They gnashed upon him. They plotted, and conspired against him. They misrepresented his intentions; slandered his motives; reported him as a traitor, as disloyal to king and nation. Again and again they fastened him as a laughing-stock in the public highway, with hands and feet locked in stocks. He was thrust into the foulest dungeon, was cast into a pit-half full of mire, with the intention of killing him by suffocation; they starved and beat him, yet he went on weeping over their sins, imploring them to repent, praying for them incessantly, and ever repeating the solemn warnings of judgment which God had commanded him to pronounce.

Was he not tempted to give o'er? Indeed he was. His writings again and again break out in tender pitiful complaints, revealing his sensitive nature, and much of what he suffered.

But he always goes on to tell of further work, stronger messages, and still more longsuffering persistence.

How much indeed he wished that their bondage might be broken, but God's word was inexorable, and came with unmistakable force a few days later.

Thou, Hemananah, hast broken the yoke or wood, but thou shalt make for them yokes of iron...

This year thou shall die because thou hast taught rebellion."

The sequel was even so. In the seventh month that year, the presumptuous, false-prophet was cut off. God vindicated His true messenger.

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This year thou shall die because thou hast taught rebellion."

The sequel was even so. In the seventh month that year, the presumptuous, false-prophet was cut off. God vindicated His true messenger.

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ANCIENT EGYPT.

OF AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN FOUND COMPLETELY ENVELOPED IN SHEETS OF GOLD.

A sensational discovery is reported to have been made at Thebes. Theodore M. Davis, the discoverer of the tomb of the parents of the Egyptian Queen, Meie, has just discovered the tomb and mummy of Queen Meie herself. Meie was the mother and inspirer of the famous "Heretic King" of Egyptology. Her tomb is a plain, square sepulchre, cut out of the rock, and adjoins the tomb of Rameses IX. Unfortunately the tomb lay in the bed of a watercourse, and owing to the percolation of water through the rock, such perishable objects as wood and the royal mummy itself, have suffered severely. Apart from this, the tomb when entered was in the same condition in which it had been left by the priests during the throes of the religious revolution that had spent its force before Moses was born.

Suffered in Heretic Hunt.

The tomb of Meie bears witness to the blind rage of the victorious priest-

fashioned, and represents the royal vulture holding a signet ring in either talon, while its wings surround its head and are fastened at the tips behind by a pin. The whole is solid gold without ornament. It was difficult to avoid a feeling of awe while handling this symbol of ancient sovereignty, thus risen up from the depths of a vanished world.

TWENTY-NINE SOULS AT MIDLAND.

(By Wire.)

Major Rawlins, accompanied by Capt. Ritchie, did special week-end meetings at Midland. On Saturday a musical program was rendered, and the locals and bandsmen were commi-

nioned. Four juniors were also enrolled and twelve souls knelt at the cross.

The Sunday meetings were full of power and blessing, and the hall was crowded. At the afternoon service two children were dedicated to God, and

JESUS IS READY TO SAVE.

We had a good day at Sarnia on Feb. 15th. In the holiness meeting the commando remained quite a while to pray for and claim God's blessing on the words of unsaved ones who attended our meetings. At night the Ensign's message was "Come, for all things are now ready." After a long struggle two wanderers accepted the invitation and came to God. They were soon able to give a testimony like that of Hezekiah, "The Lord was ready to save me." We are trusting that the Spirit of God will move the hearts of many more.—E. Walsh, Lieut. for Ensign Oxford.

TWENTY SEEK THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

We are having victory at Pelley's Island. During the past month (January) the devil has been defeated, and we have had the joy of seeing over twenty lost and find Christ, the sinner's Friend.—Hopeful.

GOD IS WITH THEM.

We had Ensign Bristow with us at Montreal V. on Saturday night, from P. H. Q. The attendance was small, but God was there in power. Five sought Salvation.

On Sunday five more were at the mercy seat.

Our converts are doing well.—Q. M. Fraser.



The Pyramids of Egypt.

hood of Thebes and the intensity of their hatred towards the Heretic King, whose name they carefully erased from every article in the tomb on which it had been inscribed. The men, however, who thus violated the tomb, were no common thieves. The jewellery of the queen and the sheets of solid gold with which the sepulchre was literally filled, were left untouched. Wherever the excavators walked they trod upon fragments of gold plate and gold leaf. The coffin is intact, and is a superb example of the jeweller's work. The wood of which it is composed is entirely covered with a frame of gold inlaid with lapis lazuli, cornelian and green glass.

In Wrappings of Gold.

The mummy itself was wrapped from head to foot in sheets of gold. The water which for so many ages has been draining through it had reduced it to little more than a pulp, and it fell to pieces when examined in the presence of several Egyptologists on Jan. 15th. There were bracelets on the arms and a necklace of gold beads and ornaments of gold inlaid with precious stones around the neck, while the head was still encircled with an object priceless and unique, the imperial crown of the pharaohs of ancient Egypt. It is simple and exquisitely

rolled under the flag in the night meeting. During the prayer meeting seventeen precious souls knelt at the mercy seat, making twenty-nine for the week-end.—H. C. R.

BRIGADIER SOUTHALL AT THE TEMPLE.

At the special holiness meeting on Thursday, Brigadier Southall spoke very powerfully to the people from 1 Sam. xxviii. 15.

He showed how, in order to cover up sin, people resort to falsehood, and in consequence made things worse for themselves.

On the other hand, if they would only confess their wrong-doing God would meet with them, cleanse them from sin, and fill them with His Holy Spirit.

A number of the new Cadets were observed to be present at the meeting. Everyone fell much blessed by the speaker's words.—C. G. C.

MOVING PICTURES ENJOYED.

Ensign Sheard and Envoy Hodges have been at Regina with the biplane. The City Hall was packed, and the pictures took well. The various views of the General, Chief of the Staff, Commissioner Coombs, and our P. O.'s, as well as the views of the General's visit to the Holy Land, were splendidly shown. "The Drunkard's Conversion" made a deep impression on all.—R. B.

The Easter War Cry.

WHAT WE THINK OF IT.

IT WILL SOON BE ON THE PRESS.

The Easter War Cry will be dated March 20th, and will be on sale at the corps in good time. We predict a great rush on this Special Number, for it is a really attractive issue. We should like to give our readers a few facts concerning it.

The covers, as usual with the Easter Numbers, are printed in two colors. In this issue they form a pleasing contrast in black and old gold yellow, and by a skilful use of stipple there is a degree of shading in the line work that gives it the look of halftone without destroying its special character.

The War Cry Cover.

The subject of the front page cover is that of the crucifixion. A panel contains Peter's remarkable presentation of Christ on the cross when darkness covered the earth at noonday—the effect of the gloom is most vividly portrayed.

The setting to this halftone picture depicts the "Via Dolorosa," or "The Way of Grief," as it appears today. It was along this road that the Man of Sorrows bore His cross to the place of the skull.

We think the cover will be both pleasing and deeply suggestive to our readers.

In all, there are eight pages in color. Some of the designs are very striking.

A Great Picture.

But the picture that will give pleasure to most, we fancy, will be Bierlich's double-page picture of the Simeon's Heal. Peculiarly there is no phase of the life of our Lord that affords us more pleasure to contemplate than His healing of the sick and the assuaging of life's sorrows; and the picture we have secured for our readers is the best pictorial representation of that side of our Lord's life we have ever seen.

We have also a reproduction of Mr. Bryan Shaw's great picture, "The Greatest Hero of All."

The issue will be very strong in photographic series.

We have a series depicting Jerusalem and Gethsemane at the present day.

A series of portraits of officers.

A series showing scenes of historic interest in the life of the General.

A series of lumber camp scenes.

Other pictures of great interest.

We shall have something to say about the literary contents next week.

Social Notes.

Cand. Peter Peterson, who is assisting with the meetings in the jail at Sydney, reports a number of conversions in the jail. The Commandant has received through twelve months no demands for use in the jail.

Adt. Bowering, of St. John, N.B., Matamata, is taking over what was the tailor's store at Provincial Headquarters, and is opening a restaurant for the better class. We trust good success will follow.

At a meeting held recently at the Toronto Metropole there was a large attendance, and eight men entered for mercy. We are anxious to rate the souls as well as the bodies of the people.

Ensign Hart and Mrs. French accompanied by Capt. Fardell, paid a visit to the penitentiary at Kingston, and at a meeting with the inmates there were present many who were present.

Sketches of London Life. No. 8.

SUNDAY MORNING MARKETS.



Chapel Street Sunday Morning Market

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In view of the recent Lord's Day enactment in this country the following account of Sunday trading in London, England, is interesting. There is no doubt that strong legislative effort in the direction of Sunday observance is greatly needed in the Capital of the Empire.

THE results of an inquiry as to Sunday trading were recently laid before the Stepney Borough Council. Although the inquiry was limited to a small area in Limehouse, it contained two fairly important Sunday markets, and showed that out of a total of 313 shops, 109, or nearly two-thirds, now open for the whole or part of the Sunday; also that out of the 105 who now open, 14, or nearly three-fourths, would join the movement for Sunday closing.

Competition on the Trouble.

Competition is the general reason now alleged for opening on Sundays, and probably all who open would be glad to cease if the same thing were made binding on all. This being so, Lord Avebury's Bill, if made law, would not inflict hardships on the poor, and would be a boon to shopkeepers who desire a day of rest as well as other poor hard-worked mortals.

To those who know something of the over-crowded conditions in which London poor live, one great obstacle in the way of closing Sunday markets appears to be the difficulty the poor would find in keeping fresh meat, milk, or vegetables in their dwellings over night. But this difficulty may be met generally, as it is in the one case included in the inquiry, where a butcher puts his customer's Saturday night purchases into his safe to be fetched on the Sunday morning.

This inquiry, so far as it goes, makes it very clear that there is no real justification for the Sunday morning market, while there is abundant evidence to show that there is a large class who avail themselves of the means to purchase food on Sunday mornings, to spend their time at money guzzling and sinning in the public-house on the Saturday night.

The Drinker's Saturday Night.

A representative recently made some investigations into the matter of Sunday trading, and began by visiting the public-houses in the vicinity of the morning market on the Saturday night. The seven public-houses he

visited between the hours of eleven and twelve were simply gorged with men and women of the same class as those who, on the Sunday morning, crowded the thoroughfares known as Chapel Street, Islington.

As a matter of fact, our representative recognized one man in the market whom he had the night before noticed in a pub.

He stood with half a dozen others in Chapel Street around a woman who had a perambulator filled with old clothes, which she retailed at amusing prices.

"Hey's pair o' trahsers, nice and clean," Tanner, fivepence, 'fo'pence, 'truppence!"

"Gie's 'em 'ere, missus!" said our friend, the laboring man from the pub. The "pair o' trahsers" were passed to him and he handed the woman three coppers.

Later on the woman with the pram laid up boy's jacket. It was threadbare and frayed at the sleeves.

Boy's Coat, 4d.

"Boy's jacket, a tanner!" No response. "Fivepence?" A stolid silence. "Four d."

She was about to replace the article on the pram when the laboring man altered his mind, and in the same tone uttered the same words as before — "Gie's 'em 'ere, missus!"

He rolled the coat and trousers together, stuck them under his arm, and went off, having expended sevenpence on a "coat and trousers" for his boy.

It was almost impossible to witness the transaction without feeling that were the public-houses

shut at ten o'clock instead of midnight, and there were no Sunday trading, that poor boy would have stood a chance of getting a better coat and trousers than what he did.

The common plea concerning these markets is that they exist for the clearing out of such perishable goods as may remain unsold from Saturday night; but

shops and stalls for the sale of articles of cheap clothing predominated in Chapel Street, and pauper and pathetic indeed were some of the wares and vendors. Here a little pile of heelless, soleless shoes was deposited against the wall, presided over by a little tow-headed, grimy-faced, seven-year-old girl, who informed us that we could have any pair we liked for a penny. There a grey-haired old man, in the last stage of decrepitude, stood by an old perambulator in which was an assortment of old shoes that he had cobbled up to sell. The highest price was thruppence per pair!

The low prices of things, and the energy with which they are sold are astonishing. "Bi—bi—buy!" shouts a purple-faced butcher. "A beautiful breast of mutton at one and a half to make you laugh!" Mutton at three-halfpence a pound is indeed calculated to provoke mirth, but the lowest price is not reached yet, for our jolly butcher approached a red-faced, obese matron, and holding out one of the said breasts of mutton—so thin as to be almost transparent—inform her in a confidential whisper, easily heard by all round, that he got married during the week, and as the day is fine he wants to take his newly-wed out for a drive that afternoon—would she help him to clear off his stock early by taking it at a penny, a pound? A purchase was made.

"Tuppenny Mattress."

But for concentrated indignation and scorn we have rarely heard anything to surpass the expression thrown into this simple remark, "Marras like this, tuppence!" by a pasty-faced youth. His tone seemed to imply that to be able to purchase a vegetable marrow of such a size for twopence was too ridiculous for belief.

A Pandemonium.

As the morning proceeds the market becomes a pandemonium.

"Penny a pound, apples! Smell 'em! Likes you fink you're in a Devonshire orchard!"

"Lavender, sweet lavender!" pipes out a childish tricole; or, "Cauliflowers, three for twopence!" cries out a little one, darting between one's legs.

Almost every kind of food is on sale. Tables covered with big, purple splashes of slippery liver; sheep's heads, bull-eyed and gory; rabbits and toads, yellow and limp; legs, shoulders, joints, and scraps of meat are there in abundance; as well as cabbages and cauliflower, endive and celery; cucumbers and carrots, apples and tomatoes, all selling at "hany price yer like!"

Finery Stalls.

But as we have already stated, the sellers are principally engaged in selling non-perishable goods. Hundreds of white-faced girls, with enormous hats and screwed-up hair, hang around the stalls wherein are displayed remnants of ribbon, silk, chiffon lace, and those odds and ends of finery so dear to "Liss" and "Arriet."

At another stall, job lots of artificial flowers and feathers afforded more delight to a crowd of girls than ever did the flower beds of Kew Gardens, we have no doubt.

But perhaps the liveliest corner of all was where a dozen women, sweating and volatile, with capacious sacks filled with male and female second-hand clothing, carried on a roaring trade.

Out of the bags came all sorts of faded finery and wearing apparel, and women old and young crowded round, eagerly embracing the opportunity to make a bargain.

But, above the hubbub of the market we suddenly heard the sound of singing, and moving down the street in the direction of the sound, came upon the Islington corps of the Salvation Army.

All around us surged a tide of humanity, poor, careworn, toiling, familiar with hunger and hardship. Some



Second-Hand Clothes—Where 'Arriet gets her finery.'

Songs for All Meetings.

Salvation.

Tunes.—I Hear Thy Welcome Voice (N.B.B. 69); Silchester (N.B.B. 75); Large Song Book No. 131.

1 And am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe,
Must then my portion be.

Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

How shall I leave my tomb—
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?

Tunes.—Praise (N.B.B. 139); Come on, My Partners (N.B.B. 137); Large Song Book No. 101.

2 Christ still has power with God,
And for the wanderer intercedes
At God's eternal throne.
He knows your sorrow, sin, and grief,
And offers pardon and relief—
'He'll change your heart of stone.

Come, sinner, heed His call to-day.
Ist godly sorrow have its way,
Have done with sin and fear.
A heart void of offence He'll give,
And help you honor God, and live
A life well-pleasing here.

Heaven's pearly gates are closed to sin.
Yet if in Christ you enter in,

A mansion's there for you.
White robes, a crown, and God's "Well done!"

Yes, all for you, dear sinner, come,
And be God's soldier true.

Tune.—Lord, I Make a Full (N.B.B. 249); Song Book No. 45.

3 Lord, I make a full surrender, all
I have I yield to Thee;
For Thy love so great and tender, asks
the gift of me.
Lord, I bring my whole affection, claim
I take it for Thine own;
Safely kept by Thy protection, fixed on
Thee alone.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
I have given my all to God!

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Tour of Bioscope.

Campbellton, March 30, 31; Bathurst, April 1; Newcastle, April 2; Chatham, April 3; Moncton, April 4; Shediac, April 5; Summerside, April 6, 7; Charlottetown, April 8; Georgetown, April 9; Fiction, April 10; Pugwash, April 11; Sackville, April 12; Amherst, April 13, 14; Sackville, April 15; Parrsboro, April 16; Canning, April 17; Kentville, April 18; Wolfville, April 19; Windsor, April 20, 21; Tiverton, April 22; Londonderry, April 23; Stellarton, April 24; Victoria, April 25; Port Hood, April 26; Inverness, April 27, 28; North Sydney, April 29, 30.

TERRITORIAL FINANCIAL SPECIAL.

Capt. Tilier will visit—Aurora, Mar. 17, 18; Newmarket, Mar. 19, 20; Holland's Landing, Mar. 21; Bradford, Mar. 22; Huntsville, Mar. 23, 24, 25; Burk's Falls, March 26, 27; Gravenhurst, March 28, 29; Parry Sound, Mar. 30, 31; April 1; Bracebridge, April 2, 3; North Bay, April 4, 5; Haileybury, April 6, 7, 8; Cobalt, April 9; New Liskeard, April 10, 11, 12; Sturgeon Falls, April 13, 14, 15; Sudbury, April 16, 17, 18; Sault, April 19, 20, 21; Soc. Mich., April 22, 23; North Bay, April 24, 25; Orillia, April 26, 27, 28; Midland, April 29, 30.

Northwest Province.—Capt. Davy, Dauphin, Mar. 7-10; Portage la Prairie, Mar. 11-12; Winnipeg, Mar.

And I now have full Salvation,
Through the precious blood!

Lord, my will I here present Thee
gladly, now no longer mine;
Let no evil thing prevail me blinding
it with Thine.
Lord, my life I lay before Thee, hear
this hour the sacred vow!
All Thine own I now restore Thee,
Thine for ever now.

Tune.—That Means Me (N.B.B. 276); Song Book, No. 222.

4 With loads of sin upon me,
A life made black by guilt,
I scarcely dared to hope that 'twas
For me the blood was spilt;
But they opened up the Bible,
When I rejected to see
That "Whosoever will may come,"
And that means me.

Chorus.

That means me.
Oh, what a mighty blessing
That Jesus made it plain,
Lord, I did not say it was for James,
Or any other name;
'Twas but one, "Whosoever,"
For simple folks to see,
And even I can understand
That that means me.

I came to Him so guilty,
I came with all my sin;
Oh, freely did He pardon me,
He quickly took me in;
'Twas that blessed "Whosoever,"
That did it; I can see
Wherever "Whosoever" comes,
Then that means me.

Tunes.—Stella (N.B.B. 120); Euphony (N.B.B. 110); Large Song Book No. 412.

5 Oh, Christ of pure and perfect love,
Look on this sin-stained heart of mine!
I thirst Thy cleansing grace to prove,
I want my life to be like Thine.
Oh, see me at Thy footstool bow,
And come and sanctify me now!

What is it keeps me out of all
The love and faith and fire I need?
Oh, drive Thy foes from out my soul,
What'er it cost, how'er I bleed!
No sin-curtained thing shall I allow,
If Thou wilt sanctify me now.

Oh, pour on me the cleansing flood,
Nor let Thy side be cleft in vain!
'Tis done; I feel the precious blood
Does purge and keep from every
stain.

To all the world I dare avow,
That Jesus sanctifies me now.

14-17; Kenora, Mar. 18, 19; Fort Arthur, Mar. 20-22; Fort William, Mar. 23-25; Winnipeg Mar. 27, 28; Kirk, Mar. 28-31.

FARM LANDS AND REAL ESTATE ADVICE BUREAU.

Having received enquiries from Evangelists and others concerning Farm Lands (improved or otherwise) the Commissioner has decided to establish Agencies in connection with our Immigration Department, where we shall be glad to receive correspondence from those desirous to purchase or sell. We hope in this way to give reliable information to our soldiers and friends.

Communications should be sent to Brigadier Howell, James and Albert Sts., Toronto, or to any of the following Immigration Officers—Major Orsmond, Rupert Street, Winnipeg, Man., or 439 Harris St., Vancouver, B.C.; Staff-Captain McGillivray, Clarence St., London, Ont.; Staff-Captain Orsmond, Kingston, Ont.; Staff-Capt. Patterson, 16 Palace Hill, Quebec, P.Q.; or 25 University St., Montreal, P.Q.; Adj't. Jennings, Box 674, Kitchener, Ont., or 253 Prince William St., St. John, N.B.; Adj't. Wainfield, Brandon, Man.

HEADQUARTERS SPEECHES

LIEUT.-COLONEL and MRS. GALT, Montreal, I., Good Friday to Easter Monday.

BRIGADIER BOND, Ligar St., Good Friday; Peterboro, Easter Sunday.

BRIGADIER and MRS. SOUTHALL, Temple, Toronto, Good Friday and Easter Sunday.

BRIGADIER COLLIER, Hamilton I., Easter Sunday.

MAJOR MORRIS and CAPTS. MARSHALL and PUGMIRE, Galt, Easter Sunday.

STAFF-CAPT. and MRS. MILLER, Yorkville, Good Friday; Brantford, Easter Sunday.

STAFF-CAPT. SIMCOE, Guelph, Easter Sunday.

STAFF-CAPT. ATTWELL and CAPT. HEDDERDEN, Ligar St., Easter Sunday.

ADLT. and MRS. WILLIAMS, Toronto Junction, Easter Sunday.

ADLT. GALT, Yorkville, Easter Sunday.

ENSIGN DeBOW, Galt, Easter Sunday.

CAPT. and MRS. HANAGAN, Galt St., Easter Sunday.

LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN
Will visit Ligar Street, Sat. and Sun., April 13, 14.

ENSIGN SHAW WITH BISCOPE

Toronto, Saturday, March 9 to Friday, March 15; Peterborough, Sat., Sun., and Mon., March 16, 17, 18; Orange Hall, Huntsville, Mar. 19, 20; S. A. Hall, Peterboro, Wed., Mar. 21; B. A. Hall, Newmarket, Thurs., Mar. 22; S. A. Hall, Aurora, Fri., Mar. 23; Hall or Town Hall.

MISSING.

16 Persons, Relations and Friends
We will report missing persons in any part of the world, and as far as possible, with names and addresses, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner of Immigration, 250 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont., and the envelope should be sealed, with a stamp pasted on the back, and the address written on the envelope. One dollar should be paid, or more, for expenses incurred in the search for the missing person, and the Commissioner will be held responsible for the amount, and notify the person concerned if they are unable to find any information about persons advertised.

(First Insertion.)
5220. GATER, ALFRED. Came to Canada in 1892. Aged 26 years, height 5 ft. 5 in., fair hair, blue eyes. Last heard of in 1901 at Fort William. Mother inquires.

5224. MCCLAIR, PETER. Aged 36 years, height 5 ft. 5 in., weight 160 lbs., occupation laborer, dark brown hair, dark brown eyes. Been missing four years. Last known address, Thompson, Mich., U.S.A.

5225. BAIRD, GEORGE. Single, 33 years of age, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark complexion, hair, brown eyes, dark complexion, Scotch, has a slight hump with his shoulder when walking. He is a laborer, and his last known address, c/o Foley Bros., Freezing Stone Camp, Morris Area, Canada. His wife and mother inquires.

5227. HENRY, JOHN. Last seen of about four years ago at Goderich, Ontario, near Tiverton. May be at Newfoundland Islands, Newfoundland. Aged 30. News wanted.

5228. WILSON, ROBERT. Left Cambray in 1888. Was then 20 years old. Height 5 ft. 7 in., fair complexion. Last heard of at Nelson, B.C., two years ago. Mother is dead. Friend would like to hear from him.

(Second Insertion.)
5229. HARDY, JOHN PETER. 22 years of age, fair complexion, medium height. Last heard of August 1, 1892. His wife is very anxious to know whereabout.

5230. ARCHIBALD, JAMES. Aged 26 years of age, has dark hair and bluish-grey eyes, height 5 ft. 6 in., lived in the Royal Garrison Artillery in 1882-3. When last heard of in Calcutta, India.

5233. JENNINGS, FRANK. Aged 22 years, height about 5 ft. 6 in., dark hair, medium build, native of Ashby-le-Clay, England. Left England July 3rd, 1894. When last heard of was in York Mills, Ont. Please copy.

Easter Cidings for Salvationists.

There is a sense in which Salvationists, in common with other people, like to feel they are in fashion. We enjoy the spirit of good-will and worship associated with the glorious season that reminds us of the most important feature of our religion. For gifts or for personal use we offer a few suggestions in the articles described on this page, which will be of interest to many of our comrades and friends.

BONNETS AND HATS

at the usual prices. Now is the time to order while we have all sizes in stock. In a few weeks we shall have the usual run on these lines.

DRESS GOODS.

Samples and Prices sent on receipt of a card.

A NICE, HANDY BIBLE

With Name Printed in Gold, makes a very suitable Easter Gift, and is in evidence for years. The lines stated below were selected because of their convenient size for Officers or Soldiers, and those with Thumb Indexes are very useful where references and selecting lessons quickly is a consideration.

No. 384, "Ready Thumb Index."—Just the right Bible to take to the meetings. The index will enable you to instantly turn to any book of the Old or New Testament. Can easily be carried in the pocket. Weight sixteen ounces \$1.25
Price Postage 9 cts.

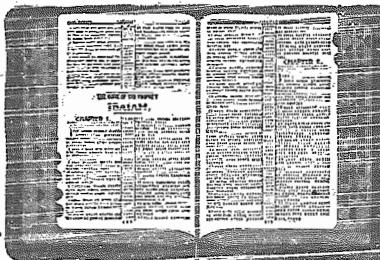
With name in gold on cover, 25 cts. extra.
No. 1896.—Twenty-five is all we have of this style, and when they're gone no more can be had, which applies to any of the lines quoted in this advertisement. This Bible is bound in fine Morocco, printed on India paper, flexible yapp'd edges, size 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$, weight ten ounces. Price \$1.75
Postage 7 cts.

Everyone should have one of the large-size Celluloid

Souvenir Badges at 10c. each.

PACKETS OF MOTTOES.

We are selling a large quantity of the \$10.00 for \$5.00 Packets of MOTTOES.
Send in Your Order Now.



No. 384, "Ready Thumb Index" Bible.

No. 1938.—Silk sewn, leather lined, etc. In every respect a superior, handsome Bible. Bound in delicate dark brown Morocco. Price \$2.50
Postage 7 cts.

No. 1896.—We present to our customers an opportunity to secure a Bible that is really beautiful and among the best that skilled workmanship can produce. Bound in extra fine grained Morocco, silk sewn, and leather lined, printed on special India paper, containing twelve maps, list of Biblical names and Index to Bible Atlas. Size 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$, weight twelve ounces. Price \$3.00
Postage 7 cts.

Musical Comrades will be glad to learn we have received a few splendid

English-Make Concertinas

32 Keys, Metal Top, Beautiful Tone. Rosewood Box. Splendid for Open-Air or Indoor Meetings. Only \$22.50.

A Cheap Line for Learners from \$2.50 up.

Trade Secretary, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ontario.

THE WAY OF

AT MONTREAL

THE GENERAL

WILL CONDUCT THE FOLLOWING MEETINGS:

SATURDAY, MARCH 16th,

at 7 p.m.

Soldiers and Ex-Soldiers

MEETING IN THE SALVATION ARMY CITADEL,
CORNER CATHCART and UNIVERSITY STREETS.

ON SUNDAY, MARCH 17th,

IN HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE,

The General will Preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.,

and LECTURE at 3 p.m. Subject:

"The Secret of the Success of the Salvation Army."



Other Meetings will be Conducted by the General
as here stated:

OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20th.

THE GENERAL will Lecture at 3 p.m. Subject, "The Secret of the Success of the Salvation Army."

WINNIPEG, Saturday, March 23rd.

Soldiers' and Ex-Soldiers' Meeting, S. A. Citadel, at 7 p.m.

WINNIPEG, Sunday, March 24th.

Now Opera House. The General will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. At 3 the General will LECTURE, subject: "The Secret of the Success of the Salvation Army."

VANCOUVER, Thursday, March 28.

The General will Lecture at 8 p.m. at St. Andrew's Pres. Church,
on "The Secret of the Success of the Salvation Army."

VANCOUVER, Good Friday, March 29.

The General will preach at 3 and 7 p.m. in the same church.

NOTE.—Children with or without parents will not be admitted.